



P.J. De Loutherbourg inv. et Sculp.

The last Scene of part the 2^d. in the Christmas Tale.

83.a.19
4

A NEW
DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENT,
CALLED
A Christmas Tale. K
IN FIVE PARTS.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL

IN
DRURY-LANE.

Embellished with an Etching, by Mr. Louthberbourg.

THE THIRD EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi,
in the Strand. 1774.

[Price One Shilling and Six-pence.]



A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE writer of the following
Tale begs leave to make his acknow-
ledgements to the publick, for their
very favourable reception of it: He
hopes that the success attending this
attempt, so well supported by the
Scenery, Musick, and Performers,
will excite superior talents to pro-
ductions of the same kind, more
worthy of their approbation.

P R O-

P R O L O G U E.

Music plays, and several persons enter with
different kind of dishes.

*After them Mr. PALMER, in the character of
CHRISTMAS.*

GO on---prepare my bounty for my friends,
And see that mirth with all her crew attends:

To the AUDIENCE.

Bekold a personage well known to fame ;
Once lov'd and honour'd---Christmas is my name !
My officers of state my taste display ;
Cooks, scullions, pastry-cooks, prepare my way !
Holly, and ivy, round me honours spread,
And my retinue shew, I'm not ill-fed :
Minc'd pies by way of belt, my breast divide,
And a large carving knife, adorns my side ;
'Tis no Fop's weapon, 'twill be often drawn ;
This turban for my head is collar'd brawn !
Tho' old, and white my locks, my cheeks are cherry,
Warm'd by good fires, good cheer, I'm always merry :
With carrol, fiddle, dance, and pleasant tale,
Fest, gibe, prank, gambol, mummery and ale,
I, English hearts rejoic'd in days of yore ; }
For new strange modes, imported by the score,
You will not sure turn Christmas out of door ! }
Suppose yourselves, well seated by a fire,
(Stuck close, you seem more warm than you desire)
Old father Christmas now in all his glory,
Begs, with kind hearts, you'll listen to his Story :
Clear well your minds from politicks and spleen,
Hear my Tale out---see all that's to be seen !
Take care, my children, that you well behave,
You, Sir, in blue, red cape---not quite so grave :

That

P R O L O G U E.

*That critick there in black---so stern and thin,
Before you frown, pray let the tale begin---
You in the crimson capuchin, I fear you,
Why, Madam, at this time so cross appear you?*

*Excuse me pray---I did not see your husband near you.
Don't think, fair Ladies, I expect that you,
Should hear my tale---you've something else to do:
Nor will our beaux, old English fare encourage;
No foreign taste, could e'er digest plumb-porridge.
I have no sauce to quicken lifeless sinners,
My food is meant for * honest hearty grinners!
For you---you spirits with good stomachs bring;
O make the neighb'ring roof with rapture ring;
Open your mouths, pray swallow every thing!
Criticks beware, how you our pranks despise;
Hear well my tale, or you shan't touch my pies;
The proverb change---be merry, but not wise.*

* To the upper gallery.

DRAMATIS

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

BONORO, <i>Good Magician,</i>	Mr. BANNISTER,
FLORIDOR, <i>his Son,</i>	Mr. VERNON,
TYCHO, <i>his Squire,</i>	Mr. WESTON,
FALADEL, <i>Gentleman-Usher,</i>	Mr. PARSONS,
NIGROMANT, <i>Bad Magician,</i>	Mr. CHAMPNESS.
RADEL,	Mr. DIMOND,
MESSENGERS.	{ Mr. GRIFFITH, Master BLANCHARD,

W O M E N.

CAMILLA,	Mrs. SMITH,
ROBINETTE,	Mrs. WRIGHTEN.

GOOD and EVIL SPIRITS, *in various Characters, by*
Mr. HURST, Mr. ACKMAN, Mr. W. PALMER,
Mr. WRIGHT, Mr. WRIGHTEN, Mr. COURTNEY,
Miss PLATT, Mrs. JOHNSTON, Mrs. BRADSHAW,
Mrs. MILLIDGE, Mrs. SCOTT, &c. &c. &c.

D A N C E S.

By Sig. COMO, Mr. ATKINS, Mr. GEORGI,
Signiora CRESPI, Mrs. SUTTON, Mrs. GEORGI, &c.

The SCENERY invented by Mr. DE LOUTHERBOURG;

MUSICK, by Mr. DIBBIN.

A

CHRISTMAS TALE.

P A R T I.

S C E N E I. *A beautiful Landskip.*

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

T YCHO! Tycho! where are you, Tycho? sure the fellow has taken me at my word, and gone to hang or drown himself---he threatned both---Lovers are great bullies, and swear a thousand things they never intend to perform; if the poor woman shews any fear, the bullies rave the more, and she gives up at once that noblest privilege of the sex, making the wifest fools, and the stoutest miserable---I have a tongue to be sure that moves quick, and by out-running my wit sometimes, may encourage young coxcombs to hope too much; but then my heart all the while, poor thing! knows nothing of the matter, and feels no more, than my shoe-knots.

B

SONG.

A CHRISTMAS TALE,

SONG.

*My eyes may speak pleasure,
Tongue flow without measure,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.*

*Though lovers surround me,
With speeches confound me,
Yet my heart in my bosom lies still ;
Thus the river is flowing,
The mill-clapper going,
But the miller's asleep in his mill.*

*The little God eyes me,
And thinks to surprise me,
But my heart is awake in my breast ;
Thus boys slyly creeping,
Would catch the bird sleeping,
But the linnet's awake in his nest.*

Where can this Tycho have hid himself ? I'm sure he went this way---stay, is not that my gentleman creeping along the side of the canal ? It is either he, my other lover Faladel, or the monkey in his new livery ; I must give him a little more hope, or we shall have no more sport with him.

[Exit Rob.]

T Y C H O. (*peeping out of a tree.*)

There's a hard-hearted she-devil for you !---do I look like a monkey in a new livery ? I don't know how love may have alter'd me, but I know a few weeks ago, that I had the best face in this island, or my glafs is a deceiver of youth. If I had not so much tenderness in my composition,

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 3

position, I would play the devil among these petticoats---
But here she comes again, and I can't say boo ! to her for
the life of me.

Re-enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

It was the monkey, and a very pretty fellow he is, now
he is well dressed. (*Tycho sighs in the tree.*) La ! what's
that ?---did not I hear somebody sigh ? It must be my
lover, Tycho !---where are you, Tycho ?

TYCHO (*In the tree, and out of sight.*)

Here am I ! (*sighing.*)

ROBINETTE.

Where ?

TYCHO.

Here. (*sighing.*)

ROBINETTE.

Where, I say ? Pray shew your sweet face.

TYCHO.

Here it is. (*peeping out*) When you lose this, you won't
get a better.

ROBINETTE.

Not till I buy a gingerbread one---What are you doing
there ?

TYCHO.

I was going to hang myself for love ; but, having left the
cord behind me, I fell asleep 'till you waken'd me---Pray
lend me your garters, for I will not live, that I am resolv'd.

(*sighing.*)

ROBINETTE.

Come down, and I'll lend you any thing---What can
I possibly do with this strange animal. (*afide.*)

Enter TYCHO,

TYCHO.

Here am I !

B 2

ROB-

4 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

ROBINETTE.

What is it you want ?

TYCHO.

Death or *you*.---I must have one of *you*.

ROBINETTE.

Have not I told you often, and I will now repeat it, that I can't leave Camilla ; let but Floridor, *your* friend, get the consent of Camilla, *my* friend, then I Robinette, *her* friend, take you Tycho, *his* friend---What would the fellow have?

TYCHO (*muttering*.)

Your friend, and *my* friend, and *his* friend, and *her* friend : then all are friends---Isn't it so ?

ROBINETTE.

To be sure---Now go about your business.

TYCHO.

O bless me ! now I am come to myself, I must send Floridor immediately to his father, upon special matters : I thought to make away with myself, and quite forgot it.

ROBINETTE.

Floridor is as violent in love, as you are melancholy : You must both mend your manners, or Camilla and I shall look out for others---No more melancholy, Tycho, if you love, and would win me.

TYCHO.

Am I too melancholy for you ? (*sighing*.)

ROBINETTE.

Too melancholy ! your face seems preparing for a funeral instead of looking out for a wedding : I hate melancholy, and all melancholy people : A cloudy face betokens a cloudy heart, and I will have neither : Never will I fail to the port of matrimony but with a smiling sea, and clear sky---that's the way to make a good voyage of it.

TYCHO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 5

TYCHO.

And so it is, faith ; he ! he ! he !---My face will become smiles, as well as a great deal of thinking : I have study'd myself into melancholy, but I'll burn my books, and be as merry as you please to make me. He ! he ! he !

ROBINETTE.

Now you dance about my heart, and will certainly run away with it.

TYCHO.

He ! he ! he !---But where's Faladel, ~~Robinette~~?

ROBINETTE.

Perhaps sleeping in some tree for love of me, as you did.

TYCHO.

If he would do the other thing for you, I should be very happy. (*sighing*.)

ROBINETTE.

Melancholy and jealous too !---I declare off---Fye for shame ! a man, a young man, of person, parts, address, and conversation, to be jealous of an old simpering, swaggering, rhyming gentleman-usher, who is as dry as a mummy, and talks of love ; has no strength, and talks of fighting giants ; has no wit, and thinks to gain me ! O fy, for shame !

TYCHO.

It is, indeed, both a sin and a shame----I'll know myself better, and be afraid of nobody but you, Robinette : I would say more, but it is time for me to laugh, he ! he ! he ! is it not ?

ROBINETTE.

Now you shew yourself to advantage---But, look at the lovers there ! they have had a fresh quarrel, I suppose ; go and end it ; and take the hot fool home to his father to cool him.

TYCHO.

6 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

TYCHO.

I'll be melancholy no more---to please you, Robinette,
 I will dance when I am sad ; be pert and merry, tho' I have
 nothing to say, like other young gentlemen---I'll be
 quite in the mode, more of the monkey, and less of the
 man---Tol, lol, lol---Will that do ? bye Robinette.
 Tol, lol, lol---Heigho ! (*Dances off, and sighs.*)

ROBINETTE.

I do like this fellow a little, though I plague him so---
 and perhaps I plague him because I like him---he's a
 strange creature, and yet I like him---I'm a strange crea-
 ture too, and he likes me---he has a hundred faults---
 hold, hold, Signora Robinetta---have not you a little
 fault or two in the corner of your heart, if your
 neighbours could come at them ?-----O woman !
 woman ! what an agreeable, whimsical, fanciful, coy,
 coquettish, quick-sighted, no-sighted, angelical, devillish,
 jumble of agreeable matter art thou ?

SONG.

*O the freaks of womankind !
 As swift as thought we breed 'em :
 No whims will starve in woman's mind,
 For vanity will feed 'em ;*

*Teasing ever,
 Steady never ;
 Who the shifting clouds can bind ?
 O the freaks of womankind ! &c.*

*Quick of ear, and sharp of eye,
 Others faults we hear and spy,
 But to our own,*

*Alone,
 We are both deaf and blind.*

O the freaks of womankind ! &c.

[*Exit Rob.*

SCENE

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 7

SCENE II.

CAMILLA's magnificent Garden.

Enter FLORIDOR, CAMILLA, and TYCHO.

CAMILLA.

I cannot bear your jealousy.

FLORIDOR.

My jealousy would have merit with you, if you lov'd
as I did---but I have done, Madam, and have nothing
more to say.

TYCHO.

Then go to your father, who has something to say to
you.

FLORIDOR.

I'll follow you, Tycho. (*walks about in disorder.*)

TYCHO.

What do you stay for, if you have no more to say ?

FLORIDOR.

I will but say three words, and then I'll come.

TYCHO.

If you have three words, the lady will have three thou-
sand ; which, at about two hundred and fifty words a
minute will just take up---I know my time, and will be
with you again. [*Exit Tycho.*]

CAMILLA.

Pray go to your father, I have told you my mind, Flor-
idor, why will you press me to change it ? Don't let an
ill-opinion of your sex mislead *you*, and injure *me*! --- I am
resolv'd--- You have my heart, I confess it---'tis ungene-
rous to urge me farther, when you know my greatest dis-
tress is to refuse you any thing.

FLOR-

8 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

FLORIDOR.

My suspicions, Camilla, are the strongest proofs of my passion.

CAMILLA.

Can you suspect me of such falsehood, as to pretend a passion for you, and secretly indulge one for another.

FLORIDOR.

Nigromant, though a wicked, is a powerful magician, and his frequent visits might alarm a heart less sensible than mine.

CAMILLA.

My pride will not let me answer an accusation that reflects the greatest dishonour, both upon you and myself.

FLORIDOR.

How can you suffer me to be tortur'd with jealousy, when you might---

CAMILLA.

Stop, Floridor! when I might---what? Scorn a father's commands, given me with his last breath and blessing!

FLORIDOR.

With his last breath, and blessing!

CAMILLA.

Upon his death bed he enjoin'd me, with tears in his eyes, not to give my hand but to him who could give me proofs of what this enchanted laurel would unfold.

FLORIDOR.

And what are they? ---I conjure you tell me.

CAMILLA.

See, and behold!

(*The laurel unfolds and discovers the words Valor, Constancy, and Honour, in letters of gold.*)

You have prov'd your *Love* to me, by its unfolding at your request---Now read what more is expected from you.

FLOR-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. ,

FLORIDOR (*reading.*)

Valor, Constancy, and Honour! Can the son of Bonore,
and your lover, be suspected?

CAMILLA.

I must not hear you, Floridor : Can you love me, and refuse me these proofs? --- Marriage, my father added, was too great a stake to venture upon common security: If your passion is a true one, you'll convince me by your obedience; if it is a common one, I am too proud to accept it, and too grateful to disobey my father.

S O N G.

Woman should be wisely kind,
Nor give her passion scope;
Just reveal her inclination,
Never wed without probation,
Nor in the lover's mind,
Blight the sweet blossom, hope.

Youth and beauty kindle love,
Sighs and vows will fan the fire;
Sighs and vows may traitors prove,
Sorrow then succeeds desire;
Honour, faith, and well-earn'd fame,
Feed the sacred lasting flame!

C

FLOR-

10 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

FLORIDOR.

You shall have the proofs from me you desire, and in return, I will exact but one from you.

CAMILA.

If in my power, you shall command it.

FLORIDOR.

Never see that curs'd magician, Nigromant, more.

CAMILA.

Do you keep him from me then ; how can I avoid him ; he is crafty and powerful ; should I enrage him, he would destroy our happiness for ever.

FLORIDOR.

You have *Spells* to protect us.

CAMILA.

You have *Valor* to protect us---it is you, Floridor, must deliver me from him ; *Valor*, *Constancy*, and *Honour*, may subdue all evil spirits, and it is by them alone, you can only reach the summit of your wishes.

FLORIDOR.

Then I will prepare for the trial.

S O N G.

*'Tis Beauty commands me, my heart must obey ;
'Tis Honour that calls me, and Fame leads the way !
From the soft silken fetters of Pleasure I fly,
With my Love I must live, or with Honour, will die.*

*I wake from my trance,
Bring the sword, shield, and lance,
My name shall be famous in story ;
Now danger has charms,
For love sounds to arms,
And love is my passion and glory !*

(going.

CAMILA.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 11

CAMILLA.

Stay, Floridor! I have something yet to do.

[Exit Camilla.]

FLORIDOR (*amaz'd.*)

What can this mean?—What new trial for a heart, so devoted to the object of its passion, that every trifling circumstance hurries the spirits to it, as if alarmed by approaching danger?

Re-enter CAMILLA, (with a wreath of flowers.)

S O N G.

*O take this wreath my hand has wove,
The pledge and emblem of my love;
These flow'rs will keep their brightest hue,
Whilst you are constant, kind, and true.*

*But should you, false to love and me,
Wish from my fondness to be free,
Foreboding that my fate is nigh,
Each grateful flow'r will droop and die!*

End of the First Part.

P A R T II.

SCENE I. BONORO's *Cell*, with *Prisons* round it.

CHORUS of EVIL SPIRITS, from the Prisons.

MIIGHTY master, hear our sighs!
Let thy slaves be free !
With folded hands and lifted eyes
We call to thee !
O end the strife !
You grant us life ;
Grant us still more---sweet Liberty !

BONORO.

Wretched, base and blind,
Evil spirits peace !
Your clamours cease ;
By guilt confin'd,
In vain the mind,
Pants for freedom's happy hour ;
In pity to your pains,
I loos'd your chains,
But circumscrib'd your pow'r,
In pity to mankind.

BON-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 13

BONORO.

What can be the meaning my son is not yet arrived?
Love is his master now, and his father must wait, 'till superior commands are obey'd. Tycho!---Tycho!

Enter TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Here am I!

BONORO.

Where is my son Floridor?

TYCHO.

Where I left him---at the old place.

BONORO.

With Camilla?

TYCHO.

To be sure!

BONORO.

Did you tell him I wanted him.

TYCHO.

I did.

BONORO.

What said he?

TYCHO.

That he would say but three words and follow me. I heard him say a hundred, and sing a thousand: Lovers are bad arithmeticians.

BONORO.

Why did not you return sooner?

TYCHO.

I waited for him, to be sure.

BON-

14 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BONORO.

Have a care, Tycho---I will sooner forgive your weakness, than your falsehood---tell me the truth; Robinette detain'd you.

TYCHO.

I was a little love bound, I must confess.

BONORO.

Confess the truth always, nor ever be ashame'd of the most natural, if not the noblest passion.

TYCHO.

I am half dead with it, I'm sure. (*sighing.*) But I must never be melancholy again, and that it is that makes me so merry: He! he! he! ---Heigh-ho! (*sighing.*)

BONORO.

Let no passion raise your mind beyond its proper bounds, I knew of your foolish intentions---Such actions are the effects either of vice, cowardice, or poor paltry, mistaken philosophy.

TYCHO.

You need not throw away your lessons upon me---I am in spirits now, and always a laughing. He! he! he!

BONORO.

That may be as foolish the other way; silly minds have no medium.

TYCHO.

There's no pleasing some folks; full, or fasting.

BONORO.

I pity your weakness, and am a friend to your honest simplicity.

TYCHO.

I wish you wou'd give me some love powder for Robinette.

BON-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 15

BONORO.

She is forward enough without it---If her blood rises above temperate, you may repent the experiment---Here's my son---leave us.

T Y C H O.

With all my heart---I'll go write to Robinette.

Enter F L O R I D O R.

I wish you had made a little more haste with your three words.
(aside to Floridor and exit.

BONORO.

No excuses for your delay, son---Your mistress detain'd you, and your father ought to wait.

F L O R I D O R.

I am ashamed of my neglect.

BONORO.

I excuse it---I know the noble resolutions you have made, which have more than half perform'd my commands. Camilla is an honour to her sex; deserve her, son, by your virtues, and my blessing shall attend your union.

F L O R I D O R, *(kneeling.)*

Thus let me shew my thanks, duty, gratitude and love.

(kissing his hand.

BONORO.

Rise, son, and attend to me---some uncommon act of valor is expected from you----Before I obtain'd your mother's hand, I conquer'd, and imprison'd these evil spirits, *(pointing to the Dens)* who molested the world in various characters: You are now upon *your* trial---What can so strongly demand your valor, as the destruction at once of your rival Nigromant, and the leader of these evil spirits?

F L O R I D O R.

Nothing----may I prove myself the son of such a father!

BON-

BONORO.

Valor is best attended by faithfulness and simplicity ;
 Tycho shall be your 'Squire---I will myself with the proper ceremony dip the shield and sword in the lake of vapours---But these incantations will not do alone---*Valor, Constancy, and Honour*, must render all my charms effectual.

SONG.

Though strong your nerves to poise the spear,

Or raise the massy shield ;

Though swift as lightning through the air,

The sword of death you wield ;

'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,

To conquer, and forgive the foe.

Though edg'd by spells, and magic charms,

Your sword may reap renown ;

'Tis honour consecrates your arms,

And gives the laurel crown !

'Tis from the heart, the pow'r must flow,

To conquer, and forgive the foe.

FLORIDOR.

As I feel your lessons, 'tis the best earnest of my executing them---but Sir ! Father ! I find you are inform'd that I am enjoin'd by Camilla to give proofs---

BONORO.

I am---Her father, the good Bianco, was my friend ; his pow'r, now possesst by his daughter, was a limitted one ; he was oppressed at the end of his life by the superior arts of the wicked Nigromant, for refusing him her hand---Now what object can at once so warmly bring forth the proofs required of you, as so formidable a rival, and detested a monster !

FLOR-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 17

F L O R I D O R.

My heart pants for the contest !

B O N O R O.

If you conquer, my son, you gain glory and Camilla ;
if you are vanquish'd---come to my arms---(*Embraces him*)
I shall have that melancholy consolation that you gave the
best proofs of your virtues.

F L O R I D O R.

Your words melt me, and exalt me above myself !

B O N O R O.

I must away to the lake with the sword and shield---

F L O R I D O R.

Shall I attend you, Sir ?

B O N O R O.

No, I must be alone---Now mark me, son ; stay you here, and in my absence be a guardian of these evil spirits ; this wand, should they be riotous, or endeavour to tear off the Talismans from their dens, will defeat their projects---

(*Gives him the wand.*

To secure your wand, sleep must not close your eyes 'till my return----a drowsy watchman is the robber's best friend----evil spirits have power only over thoughtless, lazy minds:

[*Exit Bonoro.*

D

F L O R -

18 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

F L O R I D O R .

S O N G .

*Tho' honour loudly strikes my ear,
The softer notes of love prevailing,
Every sense assailing,
Swell with hope, or sink with fear !*

*Who for the goal of glory start,
To love, as honour true,
Would ne'er forbid this trembling heart,
To sigh a last adieu !*

*I go---my faith and truth to prove,
Valor ne'er was foe to love ;
I will, I must obey the call,
Love's triumphant over all !*

F L O R I D O R .

Tycho !

Enter T Y C H O .

T Y C H O .

Here am I .

F L O R I D O R .

Approach, my 'Squire.

T Y C H O .

Your father has told me of my advancement, and if a man of honour may be said to know himself, I will venture to say, that you are not very unfortunate in a 'Squire.

F L O R I D O R .

I am convinc'd of it---and the first duty I shall put you upon, is to guard these evil spirits in my absence---I shall return directly, but I must see Camilla again---

T Y C H O .

To speak three words more---

F L O R .

F L O R I D O R.

I have something to say to her, which unsaid would damp the glory of any action I might atchieve, and which when said, will lighten, and strengthen my heart for any adventure.

T Y C H O.

The moment your father has pardon'd one fault, you commit another---you keep his good nature in fine exercise.

F L O R I D O R.

I will never again give him the least cause of complaint---I must speak with Camilla, and directly.

T Y C H O.

I have three words too for Robinette---

F L O R I D O R.

Don't be a fool, but mind what I say to you.

T Y C H O.

A Knight may plunge over head and ears, while the poor 'Squire must not wet his feet.

F L O R I D O R.

No talking but mark me---should these evil spirits dare to be turbulent, this wand will controul them----one caution above all is not to sleep upon any pretence whatsoever; should the wand drop from your hand, we are undone!---be wise, active, and vigilant! [Exit Flor.

T Y C H O.

The young sinner preaches well---I am forbid talking, and sleeping, I wonder he did not add eating and drinking too! 'tis very hard that I may not take one look at Robinette; I am flesh and blood as well as he---am as personable as he---as jealous as he---have as fine passions, and am as much belov'd as he---To divert my melancholy, I will shew myself fit for my office, (it is not every fool in office

can

20 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

can do that) and examine these culprits, sinners, and evil spirits---I will not get too near 'em tho' for fear of their laying a claw upon me---(*he speaks loud, and with an affected air*) Who are you in this lob's pound here?---

First SPIRIT.

Save you, sweet Signior!

T Y C H O.

Well, well, none of your parlaver---answer my questions directly, and keep your paws in your den---(*raps his knuckles*) What are you?

J E S U I T.

I am a Jesuit.

T Y C H O.

The devil you are! ---and how came you here?

J E S U I T.

Having some *cardinal* virtues, and making larger strides than they said became me, they have laid me by the heels, and it is impossible for me to do any good here.

T Y C H O.

No, nor any where else---so draw in your beak, cormorant---And who are you with your sharp looks and your claws?

A T T O R N E Y.

I am an *Attorney*, at your service.

T Y C H O.

Not at mine, I beg of you---are *you* in for your *virtues* too?

A T T O R N E Y.

A little mistake in practice only.

T Y C H O.

Then for fear of more mistakes, you shall stay where you are, Mr. Attorney.

POET.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 21

P O E T.

Signior Tycho!---I beg your ears a moment,

T Y C H O,

What have you lost your own?

P O E T.

I am a poetical spirit, and here's a satire upon your
neighbours, and a panegyrick upon yourself.

T Y C H O.

I'll touch nothing that belongs to you---I love my
neighbours, and I hate abuse---so keep in your fingers.
(strikes them) But who are you that swell and look so big?

S T A T E S M A N.

I am a political spirit, I had a soul of fire, that over-
leap'd all laws and considerations---I was a statesman!

T Y C H O.

It was time to cool you a little, and spoil your leaping,
by keeping your soul under lock and key---Who are *you*,
friend?---and what are those rattles in your hand?

G A M E S T E R.

A box and dice to divert us in our retirement.

T Y C H O.

Gamesters, I suppose---pray, gentlemen, what brought
you here?

G A M E S T E R.

We lost good fortunes, by keeping bad company, and to
retrieve a little---

T Y C H O.

Became bad company yourselves.

G A M E S T E R.

We did take an advantage, I must confess.

T Y C H O.

22 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

TYCHO.

So they took an advantage of you, and put you where you are---I wish all your family was with you, brothers, sisters, and all !

ACTRESS.

Turn your eyes this way, beautiful Sir, and look upon me with an eye of pity.

TYCHO.

O, the females have found me out at last ! What are you, a *hen* Jesuit ?

ACTRESS.

I was an actress some months ago.

TYCHO.

An actress ! what spirit's that ?

ACTRESS.

A spirit to entertain the public, but quitting that for *private* practice---

TYCHO.

As you like private practice, I wish you joy of your situation.

ACTRESS.

If you wou'd permit me to come forth, and approach you, I would amuse you with my history.

TYCHO.

Many thanks, fair lady ; but as I know nothing of acting, we are both much better as we are---Pray who are you, licking your lips, and with your mouth open ?

GLUTTON.

I am a luxurious spirit ; I lov'd eating and drinking a little too much.

TYCHO.

O, a city spirit ! I hope, friend, there is no great sin in a little eating and drinking ?

GLUTTON.

If I was out, good Sir, I would place such favoury dainty dishes before you !

TYCHO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 23

T Y C H O.

Hold your tongue, Sirrah ; no bribery and corruption !
He sets my mouth a watering already---this fellow shall be
my cook, if I should ever get a good government.

W O M A N of Q U A L I T Y.

Turn to me, Signior ; I have a right to be heard first.

T Y C H O.

Then don't lose your right, I beg you---Who are you,
Madam ?

W O M A N of Q U A L I T Y.

A spirit of quality !

T Y C H O.

And what are you in there for, Madam ?

W O M A N of Q U A L I T Y.

For being a woman of quality.

T Y C H O.

A woman of bad qualities you mean---Fye upon you !
who ever heard of a bad woman of quality ? this is *scandalum magnatum horrendissimum* ! You are a foul weed, and
ought to be pluck'd out from the fair garden of nobility !
I wish Robinette had heard me say that. (*aside.*)

(A voice is heard accompanied with a guitar.

What have you singers and musicians among you ?

A C T R E S S.

O yes, and dancers, actors, authors, and managers too :
We could entertain you, sweet Sir, if we were at liberty.

T Y C H O.

No, no, you'll sing better in your cage, my pretty
birds : Come let me hear you : (*He sits down.*) Whistle
away---This is almost more than flesh and blood can bear :
Such sweet looking spirits sure could never hurt one.
(*aside.*) Come, come, whistle away, my sweet Canary birds.

DUETTE.

D U E T T E.

*O bear me kind, and gentle swain,
Let love's sweet voice delight you ;
The ear of youth, should drink each strain,
When beauty's lips invite you :*

*As love and valor warm your heart,
And faith and honour guard you ;
From wounded breasts extract the dart,
And beauty will reward you :*

*Our tear-stain'd eyes, their wish disclose,
Can cruel you refuse 'em ?
O wipe the dew from off the rose,
And place it in your bosom.*

(As they are singing, Tycho by degrees falls asleep.)

T Y C H O, (*half asleep.*)

This is melting indeed ! Bravo ! bravo ! Softly my angel ;
not so loud, I beseech you---Sweet Robinetta ! encore !
encore ! sing again, or I'll---*As love and valor,* (sings in
his sleep) *and beauty's lips.* Toll, lol, lal, lal !---Robinetta---obinetta---binetta---netta---etta---ta---a---

(Falls asleep and drops his wand ; upon which, it thunders ;
the dens burst open, and various evil spirits of both
sexes enter promiscuously, and riotously express their
joy.)

CHORUS,

CHORUS of EVIL SPIRITS.

'Tis done! 'tis done! 'tis done!

We break the galling chain!

We fly, we sink, and run,

From tyranny,

To liberty!

To liberty---again!

Revel, riot, dance and play,

Folly sleeps, and Vice keeps holliday!

End of the Second Part.

E PART

26 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

P A R T III.

S C E N E, CAMILLA's magnificent Garden.

Enter CAMILLA and FLORIDOR.

C A M I L L A.

WHY would you distress me thus, and doubly wound me by this rash action? Your father will be incens'd at your disobedience and hate me as the cause of it; Tycho may be work'd upon by the evil spirits, and undo us---my heart forebodes too---

F L O R I D O R.

Can your heart be mine, and conceive any doubts of me?

C A M I L L A.

Why should I imagine that I have charms powerful enough to fix you mine for ever---change of place may occasion change of sentiment, new objects may erase former impressions.

F L O R I D O R.

Indulge not these false alarms; thou art queen of my heart, and shalt reign there for ever, and alone.

C A M I L L A.

My fancy teems with a thousand apprehensions, all my senses are in disorder! I heard, or thought I heard strange noises in the air; even now my eyes are deceiv'd, or this garden, the trees, the flowers, the heav'ns change their colours to my sight, and seem to say something mysterious, which is not in my heart to expound.

(*The objects in the garden vary their colours.*

F L O R I D O R.

These are the phantoms of love and fear.

C A M I L L A.

O, Floridor! you have taught me love, and love has taught me fear.

F L O R-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 27

DIALOGUE SONG.

S H E.

*Look round the earth, nor think it strange
To doubt of you, when all things change ;
The branching tree, the blooming flower,
Their form and hue, change every hour ;
While all around such change I see,
Alas ! my heart must fear for thee.*

H E.

*Blighted and chill'd by cruel frost,
Their vigor droops, their beauty's lost ;
My cheek may fade by your disdain,
To change my heart, all pow'r is vain ;
Look round the earth, the flow'r and tree,
To nature's true as I to thee.*

S H E.

* *Look up to heav'n---nor think it strange,
To doubt of you, when all things change ;
Sun, moon, and stars, those forms so bright,
Are changing ever to the right !
While, in the heav'ns such change I see,
Alas ! my heart must fear for thee.*

H E.

*Clouded or bright, the moon and sun,
Are constant to the course they run ;
So gay, or sad, my heart as true,
Rises and sets to love and you :
Look in the heav'ns, each star you see,
True to its orb, as I to thee.*

* These two verses are omitted in the representation.

Enter

.Enter BONORO hastily.

[He stops short, and looks steadfastly upon Floridor, who starts confounded; while Camilla appears distress'd.)

BONORO, (after a pause.)

Well you may start and be confounded, son!

CAMILLA, (kneeling.)

I am the cause of his disobedience---let me be punish'd.

BONORO.

Rise, excellent woman! (raises her.) Your virtues are the best excuses for his disobedience, which will become its own punishment---his labours are trebled by it!

FLORIDOR.

My father!

BONORO.

Tycho has been overcome by the evil spirits---they have broken their chains, and fled to your rival and enemy, Nigromant---mischief is abroad!

CAMILLA.

'Then I am wretched indeed!

FLORIDOR.

Doubt not of my valor, or my love---Increase of danger makes me worthy of Camilla.

BONORO.

Your spirit charms me, and disarms my anger---I have disenchanted from sleep, and forgiven the poor penitent 'Squire; his was an error of judgment; your's of passion; but it is past and forgot. Tycho waits for you, with your sword and shield, in the grove by the enchanted lake---Begone! remember the words of this divine oracle; may *Valor, Constancy and Honour* guide you---let no pleasures entice you---no terrors daunt you---when once you see him, never lose sight of your foe; follow him where ever he leads you: the greatest dangers are only the rugged paths which will lead you to renown, in the arms of innocence and beauty.

(pointing to Camilla.

TRIO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 29

TRIO.

BONORO.

*May heav'n's blessing blend with mine !
To crown thy deeds at virtue's shrine,
Be love's best gift, Camilla, thine.*

CAMILLA.

*May ev'ry sigh that's heav'd by me,
And ev'ry wish that's breath'd for thee,
Be prosp'rrous gales on fortune's sea.*

FLORIDOR.

*O when my bark, the tempest o'er,
With pilot, love, shall gain this shore,
Ambition cannot ask for more !*

TRIO.

*Of ev'ry blessing love's the source,
Valor but an empty name,
A roving wild, destructive flame,
'Till love and justice guide its course,
And then it mounts to fame !*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

So, so, all matters are made up again ; and the confusion, which my poor, simple, melancholy lover, Tycho, occasion'd, is all kindly settled by the benevolence of Bonoro---I could not help list'ning to his fine sayings, not

30 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

not out of curiosity, but it really does one's heart good to hear a fine preacher of morality, and which is wonderful, see him practise it too. But the lovers I see, (*looking out.*) are taking their last leave---the good ~~man~~ can scarce part them---their lips are glew'd together---they'll never be got asunder!---it makes both my eyes and my mouth water---I'll look at 'em no more.

S O N G.

*Thro' all our hearts philosophers have taught,
A subtle vapour flies,
Warm'd in the veins, it kindles quick as thought,
And sparkles in the eyes.*

*Be warn'd, ye fair, and retire,
Fly far from the flash,
You'll repent if you're rash,
O never play with fire!*

*If a youth comes, with a grace and a song,
Like Phœbus deck'd in rays,
Then to your heart the fiery atoms throng,
And set it in a blaze.*

Be warn'd, ye fair, &c.

*But should the youth come, with honour and truth,
Fly not your lover's rays,
His heart in a flame, let your's be the same,
And make a mutual blaze!*

*From him we need not retire,
When such can be found,
We may stand our ground,
O then we may play with fire.*

I don't

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 31

I don't know what's the matter with me to-day, I am full of mischief I believe---I am afraid these evil spirits that are got abroad again are a little busy with me---it can't be the loss of Tycho sure that affects me---I don't love him so well as that neither---no matter what it is---why don't my loving cousin come back? O this love! this love! she can't leave her dying swain---Why should not I go after mine too? tho' I am not dying for him, he is for me---I'll go towards Bonoro's cell, I'm resolv'd---as I have less passion, I shall appear more generous by looking after my lover in his present situation---I never knew 'till this moment that I was half so good a creature as I really am.

[Exit Rob.

S C E N E *the Outside of BONORO's Cell.*

Enter CAMILLA,

C A M I L L A.

Farewel, O farewel, my Floridor! Thou seest, but can't not hear with what reluctance I am separated from thee!---He too with unwilling steps moves slow along, and turns his head this way, to shew that duty and inclination, cannot yet be reconcil'd---now he stands still, and with his eyes and one hand rais'd to Heaven, pressing his bosom with the other, he seems to swear eternal love!---I will ratify that vow, and make it mutual---now he seems distress'd, and hurries down the hill, and now he's gone!---and now---I'm wretched!---heigh-ho!

Enter ROINETTE.

R O B I N E T T E.

Heigh-ho! why he'll come again, cousin, depend upon it.

C A M-

32 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

CAMILLA.

May I depend upon his coming again as he goes away,
constant and faithful ; his father warn'd him to let no pleasure entice him---Is not that alarming ?

ROBINETTE.

What is it *your* turn to be jealous ?

CAMILLA.

Can one love much, and not be jealous a little ?

ROBINETTE.

Can you be long in doubt, and have supernatural powers to assist you ?

CAMILLA.

The passions of Love counteracts all operations of magic, and levels us with the weakest---we can try gold, but we can't make it---it is conceal'd by nature from the wisest of us.

ROBINETTE.

Make a trial of his affections then, by assuming a form, if possible, handsomer than your own.

CAMILLA.

That is not in my power ; I can assume a form less agreeable, if possible, than my own, and with that, and some other circumstance I am now going upon the trial.

ROBINETTE.

I will attend you.

CAMILLA.

No, I shall dispense with your company for some time, I leave you mistress of my garden, and my castle ; see whom you please, and do what you please ; make yourself happy, while I perhaps am seeking to be miserable. (*sighs.*

SONG.

S O N G.

*O how weak will power and reason,
To this bosom tyrant prove,
Every act is fancied treason,
By the jealous sovereign Love!*

*Passion urg'd the youth to danger,
Passion calls him back again ;
Passion is to peace a stranger,
Seek I must my bliss or bane.*

*So the feaver'd minds that languish,
And in scorching torments rave,
Thus to end or ease their anguish,
Headlong plunge into the wave.*

[Exit Camilla.

R O B I N E T T E.

Poor creature !---I would not have her cares for all her magic, and her grandeur-----Mirth has got such possession of my heart, that I defy all the handsome fellows in the world to take more of it, than I please to give them. I have two lovers, which I keep as two Monkies to divert me ; I make 'em play me a thousand tricks, can change the very nature of 'em---if they grow mischievous, I punish 'em---if all monkies were served so, there would be less impertinence in the world---but mum---one of 'em is here---this is too old, and too lively, I must make him melancholy or turn him off.

Enter FALADEL.

FALADEL.

Signiora Robinette---I have follow'd you to say half a dozen kind words to you, and vanish ; he ! he ! he ! ---by my faith and wand, I will not encroach upon you !

ROBINETTE.

By my faith and fardingale, you may vanish before you have said the kind words to me if you please ! he ! he ! he !
(mimicks him.) Well, what do you follow me for ? --

FALADEL.

I could not help it---I knew where you was going, I followed you, and the following little ode came along with me, and is at your service.

O D E.

*Alack-a-day !
You would not stay,
I follow'd gay,
Like faithful Tray,
With you to play,
Or here to stay,
At feet to lay ;
For by my fay,
I will obey,
Whate'er you say,
By night or day,
Whilst I am clay,
For ever aye,
Take pity---pray---*

ROB.

ROBINETTE.

Upon my word that's very pretty and very moving.

FALADEL.

Indeed and alack-a-day, I shall certainly die soon, if you don't cure me with kindness, he ! he ! he ! I shall indeed, for ever and for aye---he ! he ! ---

ROBINETTE.

What is your disorder, pray ?

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day ! I'm troubled with the Tycho---Signora Robinette, do you understand me ? he ! he ! he ! by my faith I am !---

ROBINETTE.

Jealousy I protest---and of poor Tycho---

FALADEL.

Poor or rich---I am troubled with the Tycho, and I must either take steel myself, or make my rival take it---do you understand me ? he ! he ! he ! (*claps his hand upon his sword*) it is a serious matter I do assure you---he ! he ! he ! there must be blood shed---he ! he ! he ! by my faith and wand, there must !

ROBINETTE.

I wish you would make it a serious matter, and not be grinning so, to spoil one of the handsomest faces in the island.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day ! I can't help laughing for the life of me, I was born so---tho' I'm unhappy all the while to desperation, he ! he ! he ! by my faith and wand I am !

R O B-

36 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

ROBINETTE.

By my faith too, my heart shall never be a prize for the best grinner ; you must shew your love to me, by wearing a face of desperation, indeed.

FALADEL.

What kind of face is that ?

ROBINETTE.

Thus---your eyes thus---looking about as it were thus
---or thus---
(she puts on different faces.)

FALADEL.

Looking about for what ?---my sweet cruel queen of hearts ! he ! he ! he !

ROBINETTE.

For a tree, or a canal to be sure, to put an end to your despair.

FALADEL.

To dangle, or float upon !---I understand you---he ! he ! he !---by my faith I'll hit your taste, or die for it---will this do ? or this---or this---he ! he ! he !

SONG.

A CHRISTMAS TALE 37

* S O N G.

*By my faith and wand,
Gracing now my hand,
I'm at your command,
For ever and for aye.
Heart within my breast,
Never shall have rest,
'Till of yours possest;
Heigh-ho! ---alack-a-day!*

*Do you want a Knight?
Ready, brisk, and tight
Foes and fiends to fight,
For ever and for aye.
If you want a slave,
Whom you will not save,
Send me to my grave,
I'm dead---alack-a-day!*

I'll stand by my song for ever and aye.

R O B I N E T T E.

You're at your grinning again.

F A L A D E L.

Alack-a day! and so I am---I can't stop it---my features run away with me---but I'll go and practise a little by myself---and return again directly, quite a new creature---by my faith I will! [Exit.

R O B I N E T T E.

Ha! ha! ha! if every woman before marriage, would but train up her lovers to her inclination, as she does her birds or

* This song is omitted since the first night.

38 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

or her dogs, we never should have an unhappy marriage ; to be too much in love, and to give men their way, spoils every thing---But what have we here ? my lover, Tycho, and prepar'd for battle !---like master, like man ; he comes to take his last adieu---He seems very sad and thoughtful ; but he sees me, and brightens up into unnatural smiles---Ah, Signior Cavaleiro Tycho !

Enter TYCHO, (arm'd as Floridor's 'Squire.)

TYCHO.

Here am I ! as merry as my situation will permit me---I have leave to kiss your fair hand and away. Tho' I am made a 'Squire, I have had sad luck since I saw you, (*looking grave, but recollecting himself.*) But it is all over, and I don't mind it now, he ! he ! he !

ROBINETTE.

If I had not taught you to laugh at misfortunes, your last adventure, with the evil spirits, would have broke your heart.

TYCHO.

There was the devil to do ! I have not recover'd my fright yet, I am sure, tho' I put a good face upon it, he ! he ! he !

ROBINETTE.

Sad work indecd ! but how was it ?

TYCHO.

Two she-devils throw'd me into a trance, and as I could not help myself in my sleep, they help'd themselves out of their prisons, and left me to pay the reckoning.

ROBINETTE.

And a long one it was.

TYCHO.

It was indeed ! but our kind old gentleman, gave me a four look, a long speech, pity'd my weakness, and forgave me---'tis a good old soul !

ROB-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 39

ROBINETTE.

Sad work indeed, Tycho!

TYCHO.

It was horrible, horrible, and most horrible! He! he! he!

ROBINETTE.

But how was it?

TYCHO.

You must know I love music vastly, tho' I don't sing a note---and two she angel-devils, sung me so out of my senses, that I fell fast asleep.

ROBINETTE.

Ay, ay, your old disorder---But I am sorry you can't sing; your rival, Faladel, who was here just now, sings very prettily.

TYCHO.

Yes, he may sing; but he can't write as I can---I have wrote a song upon you; and who knows but you may teach me to sing as you have taught me to laugh, he! he! he!

(Endeavours to sing.)

ROBINETTE.

O pray let's hear it.

TYCHO, (*sings.*)

Sweet Robinette,

Your eyes are jet,

Your eyes are grey, but no matter for that, poets may suppose any thing.

Sweet Robinette,

Your eyes are jet,

And teeth are lily white---

You have a fine set of teeth, and if you had not, I was resolv'd to give 'em to you---I don' love by halves.

Your cheeks are roses,

Lips are posies,

And your nose is---

Wond'rrous bright!

Let

40 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Let my rival do that if he can---I wrote it, and set it myself.

ROBINETTE.

I don't doubt it---But, Tycho, I don't know if a bright nose, is any compliment.

TYCHO.

Why not?---You must have something bright about you---but I don't want for words---you may alter it to *wond'rous right*---or *white*---or *light*---or *tight*---a tight nose, is no bad thing as times go; he! he! he!--Here comes my rival; shall I hæsel my maiden sword, and lay him dead at your feet?

ROBINETTE.

By no means---Kill him with jealousy!---See how melancholy he is; he has lost all his spirit.

TYCHO.

And I have got it; he! he! he!--What a dismal piece of mortality it is: I am quite ashamed now that ever I wore such a face as his.

ROBINETTE.

Now for a curious scene!

Enter FALADEL.

FALADEL.

I hope I have conquered my foolish nature, Robinette, internally and externally, for ever and aye. But there's my rival, (*seeing Tycho*) shall I sacrifice him to your beauty and my passion? (*claps his hand to his sword*.)

ROBINETTE.

O, by no means! draw your wit upon him; cut him up with that! (*aside to Fal.*)

FALADEL.

You command me. What a simple fellow it is, grinning like an ideot, without ideas?

ROB-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 41

ROBINETTE.

Did not I tell you so? A smirking face gives me the heart-burn.
(aside to Fal.)

T Y C H O.

What a poor melancholy fool it is---he has done for himself I see. Look at old Miserable, Robinette; he! he! he!
(aside to Rob. and grinning.)

ROBINETTE.

What a figure from top to toe!--Attack him, Tycho.
(aside to Tycho.)

T Y C H O.

Your servant, Signior Faladel---I am sorry for your misfortune; he! he! he!

F A L A D E L.

What misfortune, pray Mr. Merry Andrew?

ROBINETTE.

Attack his grinning, Faladel. *(aside to Fal.)* Attack his melancholy, Tycho. *(aside to Tycho.)*

T Y C H O.

I verily thought, Don Faladel, that you had put your face into mourning for some family misfortune; ha! ha! ha!

F A L A D E L.

How can I help being melancholy, when I see how contemptible your grinning has made you? what a superlative happiness! I would laugh now if I durst.

(begins to laugh and stops.)

ROBINETTE.

As you are both my friends, and one of you something more---

T Y C H O.

A great deal more, I believe. *(aside.)*

F A L A D E L.

I thought so, poor soul! *(aside.)*

G

ROB-

ROBINETTE.

Pray let me introduce you to know each other better---

TYCHO.

I have no objection; he! he! he!

FALADEL.

I can have none to your commands.

ROBINETTE.

Take hands then---You must not be rivals, (for I can but love one of you) and therefore be friends.

(*Each of 'em wink at Robinette, which she returns, as they are taking hands.*)

FALADEL.

What a fool she make of the poor man! *(aside.)*

TYCHO.

How she shews Dismal off! *(aside.)*

ROBINETTE.

Thank you, gentlemen---I need not say which is my choice.

BOTH.

No, no. *(both nodding at her.)*

FALADEL.

It is too plain.

TYCHO.

Half an eye may see it.

ROBINETTE.

I must, therefore, now take my leave; first of you, Signior Tycho---Distress'd damsels, imprison'd Knights, and various adventures attend you---Don't be jealous, Signior Faladel, if I conduct this redoubted and magnanimous 'Squire a little on his way.

FALADEL.

Not in the least!--How she jeers him.

(aside.)

ROBINETTE.

Come, Don Tycho, the sword is drawn, the lance is couch'd, and the Knight is impatient.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

Donna Robinette, my sword is thine, my valor thine,
 my heart is thine, my blood is thine, and at my return,
 my body shall be thine. Signior Dismallo, farewell ! I wish
 your body joy of its wooden head. He ! he ! he !

[Exit laughing with Robinette.]

FALADEL.

By my faith and wand, if I had not been commanded
 to the contrary, I would have divided his body, and
 spoil'd his grinning. But she hates and detests him for
 it, as she adores me for the contrary.

* SONG.

*Once as merry as the lark
 I mounted to the sky,
 But now I'm grown a sober spark,
 And like an owl,
 The wisest fowl,
 Will roll a dismal eye ;*

*For Robinette will have it so,
 And what she will shall be,
 I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !
 And turn off he ! he ! he !*

*Once as merry as the kid,
 I frisk'd it o'er the ground,
 But since I am to laugh forbid,
 An ass I am,
 A sheep, a lamb,
 Shut up in dismal pound.*

*For Robinette will have it so,
 And what she will shall be,
 I therefore take to ho ! ho ! ho !
 And turn off he ! he ! he !*

* Omitted in the representation.

44 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Enter ROBINETTE.

ROBINETTE.

Poor foolish fellow, he is gone; he'll be a breakfast for some giant. I begin to pity him.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! he does not know his own weakness, and has such a contemptible figure that he is below your pity, by my faith he is.

ROBINETTE.

I like his spirit of Knight-errantry---it becomes him.

FALADEL.

Do you? I have a prodigious quantity of it myself, and by my faith and wand, say but a word and I will be among the dragons, monsters, giants, and hobgoblins to-morrow morning.

ROBINETTE.

Will not that be depriving Camilla of the most complete gentleman-usher, that ever bore wand.

FALADEL.

Alack-a-day! all titles and services shall be given up for that of being your most humble servant and obedient Knight for ever, and for aye!

ROBINETTE.

If you will go---I shall present you with a scarf---come on, Sir Faladel.

DUETTE.

D U E T T E.

BOTH. O the delight !
To be an errant Knight !

ROB. O'er mountain, hill and rock,
In rain, and wind, and snow,
All dangers he must mock,
And must with pleasure go.
Quivering, and quaking,
Shivering and shaking,
Dismal nights,
Horrid sprights,
Lions roaring,
Monsters snoring,
Castles tumbling,
Thunder grumbling,

BOTH. O the delight !
To be an errant Knight !

ROB. Damsels squeaking,
Devils shrieking,
Clubs and giants,
Hurl defiance,
Night and day,
Lose the way,
Spirits sinking,
Nothing drinking,
Beat and beating,
Little eating,
Broken bones,
Beds of stones,

BOTH. O the delight !
To be an errant Knight !

End of the Third Part.

PART IV.

SCENE I. *A dark Wood.*

Enter FLORIDOR, (in great distress'd.)

SONG.

CRUEL fiends pursue me !
 Torment me, and undo me !
 My rising hopes are crest,
 My Sword and Shield are lost !
 My breast with valor glow'd,
 Fame her temple shew'd,
 Fiends have interpos'd,
 The gates are ever, ever clos'd !

Away with despair to the wind,
 Nothing daunts the noble mind ;
 Crown'd with these flowers I'll take the field,
 My foes with this charm I will face,
 Love alone shall supply the place,
 Of helmet, sword, and shield !

What a series of distresses, since they broke their prisons, have these evil spirits prepar'd for me ! they have convey'd my sword and shield from Tycho; have, by their mischievous arts, disturb'd and intoxicated his mind, and all my fair prospect of renown, and possession of the highest

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 47

highest earthly bliss with Camilla is vanish'd and gone!
---what can I say to her? ---what can I plead to my
father? ---

T Y C H O, (*within.*)

Signior Don Floridor, the lost sheep is found!

F L O R I D O R.

Here comes again the unhappy intoxicated wretch---
where are you, Tycho?

Enter T Y C H O, (*drunk.*)

T Y C H O.

Here am I.

F L O R I D O R.

Have you recover'd my sword and shield?

T Y C H O.

No---but I have recover'd a better thing---hic---my
understanding!

F L O R I D O R.

I wish I could see a proof of it.

T Y C H O.

I wish you had found your's, and then you would not
be in such a passion.

F L O R I D O R.

Tycho, collect yourself, and answer a few questions.

T Y C H O.

Do you have all your senses about you, or I shall be
too hard for you.

F L O R I D O R.

Prith'ee, peace---in the first place, at what time did
you perceive yourself disordered?

T Y C H O.

As soon as I found that I had lost my senses.

F L O R I D O R.

How came you to lose your senses?

TYCHO.

48 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

TYCHO.

As other people do---by seeing a fine woman.

FLORIDOR.

What, Robinette?

TYCHO.

Much handsomer!

FLORIDOR.

What did she do? ---answer quickly.

TYCHO.

Don't be in such a passion---thus it is---Don Tycho, says she, (looking with such sweetnes as I do now) I have long admir'd you, lov'd or ador'd you---I forget which.

FLORIDOR.

No matter which.

TYCHO.

I must be---hic---exact---looking sweetly as I said before---she stretched out the whitest arm, with the tapereft fingers---thus--here, Don Tycho, take this---whenever you find yourself distress'd in mind---taste it and be yourself again---she gave it me, sigh'd, wept much, and took to her heels-- I had just parted with Robinette, who with tears in her eyes, gave me this scarf---I seeing the poor creature so tender hearted about me---I grew tender hearted about her-- found myself low spirited, very low spirited; tapp'd the elixir of life, and was enchanted as you saw me.

FLORIDOR.

Drunk you mean---as I now see you.

TYCHO.

No, enchanted.

FLORIDOR.

Enchanted!

TYCHO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 49

T Y C H O.

Yes, I say enchanted---I speak plain, sure; I know what drunkennes is well enough; here is the enchanted vial!

(*Shows it.*)

F L O R I D O R.

It was an evil spirit that deluded you.

T Y C H O.

Good or evil spirit, it is gone. (*turns up the vial.*)

F L O R I D O R.

It was one of the evil spirits your folly set at liberty, that met you, tempted, and overcame you---and the consequences have undone us.

T Y C H O.

I shall know the traitress again when I see her; but don't fret about your sword and shield---you shall have mine, and I'll stand by, if I can, and see fair play.

F L O R I D O R.

I shall go distracted with my misfortunes!

T Y C H O.

Here is the evil spirit! ---hold, hold, if it is, she is vastly alter'd since I saw her.

Enter C A M I L L A, (as an Old Woman.)

C A M I L L A.

Hold your peace, you intoxicated fool, or you'll repent your presumption.

T Y C H O.

I am not intoxicated with your person, Madam Nose and Chin.

F L O R I D O R.

Cease your ribaldry, Tycho---forgive his folly, he is
H not

50 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

not himself, or he would not have given his tongue such licence.

CAMILLA.

Young Knight, civility should always be rewarded---what is the matter with you? can I be of service?

F L O R I D O R.

Impossible! impossible! my mind will burst with agony!

T Y C H O, (*to Camilla.*)

I know you have a charm for the tooth-ach, and a spell for the ague--but can you dischant, or unconjure my brains---that is, can you with witch elm, crooked pins, a dry toad, or any of your family receipts, make me as sensible as I was before.

CAMILLA.

Very easily---drink of the water of yonder brook, plentifully, and rest yourself upon the bank 'till you are call'd for, and the vapours of your brain will disperse, and you'll be sober again.

T Y C H O.

As I'm a little thirsty, and a little sleepy, I'll take your prescription; and if I was not already over head and ears in love, I would take you too---Kind old lady, your's---Hark'ee---if you are his friend too---give the Knight a little advice, and bid him take mine, if he would go thro' life as he ought to do. [Exit Tycho, staggering.

CAMILLA, (*to Floridor, who walks about distractedly.*)

Vexation, young man, will never find your sword and shield.

F L O R I D O R.

Tormenting me will never cure my vexation---why will you torment me, when you can't assist me?

CAM-

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 51

CAMILLA.

Young Knight, you don't know what I might do with kind usage.

FLORIDOR.

Unavailing pity, as it wounds our pride, doubles our distress.

CAMILLA.

Passion blinds you, and you can't see your friends.

S O N G.

*Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where'er you can;*

*See, see,
The humble bee,
Draws wealth, from the meanest of flowers,
Then hies away,
With his precious prey,
No passion his prudence sours.*

*Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where'er you can.*

*Wild youth,
Passion and truth,
So opposite never agree;
Be prudent, sage
Draw wit from old age,
And be wise as the humble bee.*

*Young man, young man,
Be this your plan,
Wisdom get where'er you can,*

F L O R.

52 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

F L O R I D O R.

Pardon me, venerable lady---you have cool'd my heated imagination, and my folly is a convert to your wisdom.

C A M I L L A.

I will *shew* my wisdom, by asking before-hand what reward you will give me, to recover your sword and shield.

F L O R I D O R.

You shall command my services, and every thing in my power.

C A M I L L A.

Shall I?

F L O R I D O R.

By my sword, and honour of Knighthood!

S O L E M N A I R.

*By my shield and my sword,
By the chaplet that circles my brow,
By a Knight's sacred word;
Whatever you ask,
How dreadful the task,
To perform it, 'fore heav'n I vow*

C A M I L L A.

Will you as a pledge of our compact, give me those trifling flowers that are ty'd round your head?

F L O R I D O R.

Trifling flowers, and give them to you!---you should sooner take my head from my body, or tear my heart from my bosom, than have the smallest bud of my sweet Camilla's chaplet.

C A M -

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 53

C A M I L L A.

O love's extravagance!---I may command every thing
in your power, but what you don't chuse to part with.

F L O R I D O R.

Ask my life, and you shall have it---this wreath is
dearer to me than my life.

C A M I L L A.

Well, well, I'll take you at your word.

“ Whatever I ask,
“ How dreadful the task,
“ To perform it, 'fore Heaven you vow.”

Behold what charms there are in a young hero's services!

(*She waves her stick, the wood opens, and discovers his sword and shield, hung upon the stem of a tree.*)

F L O R I D O R, (*runs and takes them down.*)

How delightful to my eyes, are these instruments of
my fame and glory!---Now task my service and my
gratitude.

C A M I L L A.

I am not in haste for my reward---other cares demand
your services---I shall call upon you in my turn.

F L O R I D O R.

To whom am I bound in gratitude for ever?

C A M I L L A.

Grinnelda is my name.

DUETTE.

DUETTE.

*Remember, young Knight, remember,
Remember the words that I say,
Don't laugh at my age,
Nor scorn at my rage,
For tho' I have past my May,
I'm not frozen up in December.*

*Remember, I will remember,
Remember the words that you say.
I honour your age,
Nor scorn at your rage,
And tho' you are past your May,
Your heart is still warm in December.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II. *The Outside of Bonoro's Cell.*

Enter BONORO, (in great distress.)

BONORO.

My heart is agitated and distress'd ! the various accidents which have befallen my son, make me tremble for his youth and inexperience ; I am unhappy and perplex'd in spite of supernatural pow'r's ; the feelings of the father rise superior to every thing---Radel, my spirit, Radel !

Enter RADEL

RADEL.

Here my lord and master.

BONORO.

Fly to my son with a troop of my spirits, that he may not be surrounded and overcome by the evil ones, in his conflict with Nigromant.

RADEL.

With the pow'r and virtue you have given me, I fly to execute your commands.

BONORO.

Be swift as my wishes !

[Exit Radel.]

SONG.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 55

SONG.

*No pow'r can calm the storm to rest,
No magic charm the father's breast,
Which beats with doubts and fears :
No more for active scenes I burn,
My pow'r and strength to weakness turn,
My manhood melts to tears !*

*I will not doubt---thro' stormy skies,
My son shall break his way ;
Shall cloudless o'er his errors rise,
And Fame shall hail the day !*

[Exit Bonoro.

SCENE III. *A prospect of Rocks.*

Enter TYCHO and FLORIDOR.

TYCHO.

Heaven bless her for it, say I!---you have got your sword and shield, and I my senses---we are both beholden to her, and should both do our best to be grateful: She might certainly have had me, had not Robinette engag'd me before-hand. But what strange, fine, tremendous, diabolical, grand palace have we here?

FLORIDOR.

This is the domain of Nigromant---Tycho, should the demons come upon you, remember they are but phantoms, and will be dispers'd by one gleam of your sword, as vapours before the sun: If free from guilt, you may defy, and despise them!

TYCHO.

Then I am their man!

FLORIDOR.

Here will I plant my laurels, or mix my ashes with the dust.

TYCHO.

TYCHO.

And I as your 'Squire, will take a slip of your laurels,
or slip into the next world, as other rash 'Squires have
done before me.

FLORIDOR.

Should I fall, and you survive, Tycho, take this chaplet to Camilla, tell her, that my love never yielded, tho' my body did.

TYCHO.

And if your unworthy 'Squire drops, and you survive, (which heav'n forbid) tell Robinette, that Tycho was true to the last--tell her--that--that--But as I hope I shall be able to carry the message myself, let us to business, and put our loves in our pockets, 'till we have done fighting.

FLORIDOR.

Approach the castle gates, Tycho, and sound the horn of defiance---Call forth the black magician, the wicked Nigromant, to single combat.

TYCHO.

To *single combat*, you're right---your commands shall be obey'd.

(Tycho sounds the horn; it thunders, the rocks split and discover the castle of Nigromant, and the fiery lake.)

I have wak'd his devilship! and blown all his castle about his ears!

NIGROMANT, (*within.*)

Floridor, son of Bonoro, I come!

FLORIDOR.

Nigromant, son of darkness and mischief, I attend thee!

NIGROMANT, (*within.*)

Floridor, son of Bonoro, I abhor thy father's virtues!
I hate thee, and thy race! I call to thee, and defy thee!
and thou shall feel my vengeance.

TYCHO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 57

T Y C H O.

I don't like the sound of his voice. *(aside to Flor.)*

F L O R I D O R.

Come forth, thou foul son of darkness ! I have experienced the mischievous hatred of thee, and thy crew--- Come forth from thy lurking places, face me like an open foe, and I'll forgive thee !

N I G R O M A N T *(appears in the fiery lake.)*

Here I am !

T Y C H O.

'This must be the cock-devil of 'em all !

N I G R O M A N T.

S O N G.

*Stripling, traitor; victim of my rage !
Stripling, traitor; offspring of sedition !
Dar'st thou with Nigromant engage ?
Nothing shall my wrath asswage,
But vengeance and perdition !*

*Triumphant joy, my bosom swells ;
Vain are your magic charms and spells,
Revenge that ne'er could sleep,
Her crimson standard rear's,
Here on this fiery flood !
Revenge shall soon her laurels steep,
In the son's blood,
And in the father's tears.*

FLORIDOR.

*Thy terrors, threats, and boasts are vain,
Phantoms of a heated brain;*

*Let all thy fiends surround thee,
The elements conspire,
Thro' water, earth and fire,
I'll follow and confound thee !*

*On the whirlwind if you ride,
Thro' all your spells I'll break,
Confound your guilt and pride,
And plunge into the fiery lake,
With virtue for my guide !*

(It thunders, and Floridor plunges into the fiery lake.

TYCHO.

A good journey, good master---your feathers will be sing'd at least; and if I had follow'd him, I should have been ready roasted for the magician's table.

(*a flourish of instruments.*

Here come the demons ! but free from guilt, I defy, and despise 'em !

Here a DANCE of Demons.

[*During the dance, as often as the demons approach.
Tycho, he claps his hand to his sword, and cries
out, I defy you, and despise you ; when they
vanish he assumes an important air.]*

I have done their busines !---

(*a rumbling noise is heard in the air.*

Here is more work for me !----What have we here, a feather'd monster ?

Enter

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 59

Enter FALADEL, as a large Owl.

T Y C H O.

Evil spirit approach me not---If you will fight as a gentleman ought, and come with a sword by your side, I am your man---but I am no match for your beak and claws, therefore keep off !

(retiring.)

F A L A D E L.

Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !

(clapping his wings.)

T Y C H O.

I don't understand you, Mr. Owl.

F A L A D E L.

I am no evil spirit, but your rival, Faladel.

T Y C H O.

Faladel !

F A L A D E L.

By my faith and my wand I am.

T Y C H O.

Faladel ! ha ! ha ! ha ! and they have made an owl of you, ha ! ha ! ha ! I knew what your melancholy would come to, ha ! ha ! ha ! but how came you so alter'd for the better ?

F A L A D E L.

I went a Knight-erranting, by the command of Robinette, and the evil spirits belonging to this castle would not fight me, but, alack-a-day, chang'd me into this shape, to divert the ladies of the Seraglio, for ever and for aye !

T Y C H O.

And a very comical diverting devil you must be, ha ! ha ! ha ! I would not have Robinette see you thus, she will like you ten times better than before---Such creatures as you in your human shapes, (if they may be call'd so) are neither fish, flesh, or fowl ; but now you are something ---you look wise at least, have a handsomer face, a finer shape, and a much better pair of legs, ha ! ha ! ha !

60 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

FALADEL.

What, you have not left off your grinning I see, tho' Robinette hates it so---

Enter MESSANGER, (hastily.)

MESSENGER.

Are you Don Tycho, 'Squire to the victorious and magnanimous Floridor, son of Bonoro?

TYCHO.

And is he victorious?

MESSENGER.

He has conquer'd and bound Nigromant, and by the assistance of his father's good spirits, all the evil ones are in chains.

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo!

MESSENGER.

The conqueror has call'd for his 'Squire to attend his triumphal entry into the palace and seraglio!

TRCHO.

My heart is with him already, and the rest of my body shall follow as soon as my legs will permit it.

MESSENGER.

I fly to let him know it.

[*Exit Messenger.*

FALADEL.

Hoo! hoo! hoo!

TYCHO.

What makes you so merry?

FALADEL.

One touch of the sword, that has vanquish'd Nigromant will restore me---be a generous rival, and present me to him.

TYCHO.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 61

TYCHO.

Upon my soul you had better take my advice and stay as you are---but if you will be restor'd again from your being something to your former nothingness, I will present you to him ; give me a tip of your wing, and I'll hand you to your restoration---come along.

FALADEL,

Hoo ! hoo ! hoo !

[*He claps his wings with joy, and Tycho leads him off.*]

SCENE IV. *The Castle Gates.*

The triumphal entry of FLORIDOR,

To martial musick.

*With NIGROMANT and EVIL SPIRITS
in Chains.*

*Then enter TYCHO, attended with the female
Evil Spirits.*

TYCHO.

Come along---come along---you are once more in my clutches, and I'll take care that you shall never catch me napping again.

Second WOMAN.

Magnanimous Don Tycho !

TYCHO.

O you couple of she devils---with your sweet lullabys ---it was your string-tickling, and quavering, that undid me !---none of your hypocritical side-looks at me (*they offer to play*) dare not to touch those deluding strings, that poison to the ears of honest men, or I shall forget your sex, and drag you at my chariot wheels---

BOTH.

62 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BOTH.

Have pity upon us, most gracious 'Squire!

TYCHO.

I will not be gracious---I have no pity---and I will be a severe, tho' upright judge---foul as you are, you shall have a fair trial, and be assur'd (for all your ogling and smiling) that I shall find better employment for your fingers than tinkling men of virtue asleep, that hell may break loose, and the devils have a holiday.

Third Woman.

I have a petition to deliver.

TYCHO.

Justice is blind and can't read it---when I am a governor, all my judges shall be without eyes, ears, hands, or pockets; no eyes to read petitions, no ears to hear 'em, no hands to take bribes, and no pockets to hold them.---I am an upright judge myself who will not be brib'd, and what is still more wonderful, am not worth a doit: ---silence, ye fiends!

Say not a word---I've faid, and faid, is done:

Stop all your tongues, and let the court go on.

Exeunt.

End of the fourth Part.

PART.

P A R T V.

S C E N E I.

A grand Apartment in the SERAGLIO.

EUNUCHS enter singing the following CHORUS.

TOUGH the thrilling notes of pleasure,
Let the softest, melting measure,
Calm the conqu'ror's mind ;
Let myrtle be with laurel 'twin'd,
Beauty with each smiling grace,
The sparkling eye, and speaking face,
Attended by the laughing loves,
Around the hero play ;
The toil, and danger, valor proves,
Love and beauty, will repay.

Enter FLORIDOR and TYCHO.

TYCHO.

What a fine refreshment this is after the hard labour of
fighting and trying causes?

FLORIDOR.

Tycho ! ---has Faladel receiv'd the benefit he expected,
from the touch of my sword ?

TYCHO.

64 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

T Y C H O.

It was wonderfully efficacious ! he moulted so fast, that tho' he made all the haste he could to his apartment, he left as many feathers in the way, as if he had been pluck'd for the spit---the moment he is pick'd clean from the owl, he will resume the monkey again, and appear before your honour, to pick a quarrel with me ; the old bone of contention, Robinette.

F L O R I D O R.

We shall cool his courage---bring before us the unhappy beauties, who have been forc'd away, and confined for the tyrant's pleasures.

T Y C H O, (*goes to the door, and calls.*)

Open the female apartments, and let their treasures be pour'd down at the feet of the conqueror---Those that belong to the 'Squire, I shall visit privately, and dispose off by private contract.

[*The chorus is sung again, during which, many women of the Seraglio, enter veil'd, and at last Camilla, (who is in chains) and Robinette : They throw up their veils.*

F L O R I D O R, (*starting.*)

Earth and heaven ! Camilla !

T Y C H O.

Hell and the devil ! Robinette !

F L O R I D O R.

All my laurels are blasted !

T Y C H O.

Mine are in a sad pickle too !

C A M I L L A, (*running to Floridor.*)

My life, my love, my Floridor ! all my sorrows vanish
in

A CHRISTMAS TALE 65

in these arms ! (*as she runs to Floridor, he turns away.*) What cold, and regardless of me ?

F L O R I D O R .

Can I see you here, in the Seraglio of Nigromant, and not have cause to lament, in the 'midst of my triumph ?

C A M I L L A .

Can you see me here, and in chains, and not find cause for a greater triumph than that which you have gain'd ? unjust and ungrateful Floridor ! --- we were seiz'd upon by the magician, convey'd here to be the slaves of his pleasure ; but my heart was engag'd, my mind was free, I resisted his passion, scorn'd his pow'r, and I triumph'd in these chains ! ---unjust and ungrateful Floridor !

F L O R I D O R .

Then I have conquer'd, indeed ! ---and thus I seize the brightest reward, that ever conquest was crown'd withal !

(*after embracing her, he takes off her chains.*)

T Y C H O .

Where are your chains, Robinette ?

R O B I N E T T E .

I left 'em behind me.

T Y C H O .

I believe they slip'd easily off---but did you resist too, Robinette ?

R O B I N E T T E .

I won't satisfy you---don't think that I am like Camilla, to be suspected one moment, and hugg'd the next ! ---

T Y C H O .

Only say to satisfy my honour that you came here against your will, and I'll pass over the consequences.

R O B I N E T T E .

Your honour ! ---I prefer one feather of my favorite owl, I have here, to your whole mind and body.

K

TY-

TYCHO.

O ho ! Signiora Robinette, have I caught you ? what, do you prefer that owl, Faladel, to me ?

ROBINETTE.

To all the world at present---I did like monkies some-time ago---my mind is chang'd---I hate grinning and folly---I am for wisdom and gravity---and so follow *your* inclinations, as I shall *mine*. [Exit Rob.

TYCHO.

And so I will ; for my inclinations are to follow you-- She shall either take me round the neck directly, or I'll wring her owl's neck off before her face---She has taught me to be merry, and I won't be made miserable again, if I can help it---I have not conquer'd the evil spirits for nothing. [Exit Tycho after Rob.

FLORIDOR and CAMILLA come forward.

SONG in DIALOGUE.

CAMIL. *The storm shall beat my breast no more,*
The vessel safe, the freight on shore,
No more my bark shall tempt the sea,
Scap'd from the rock of Jealousy.

FLORI. *Bright are the flow'rs which form this wreath,*
And fresh the odours which they breathe ;
Thus ever shall our loves be free,
From cruel blights of Jealousy.

BOTH. *With roses and with myrtles crown'd,*
The conqu'ror, Love, smiles all around,
Triumphant reigns by heav'n's decree,
And leads in chains grim Jealousy.

[At the end of the song a Messenger enters.]

M E S-

MESSENGER.

For the conqueror, Floridor ! (delivers a letter.)

FLORIDOR. (reads.)

By my assistance you recover'd your sword and shield, by which you have conquer'd Nigromant, and are posseſſ'd of his treasures :--- You are now worthy of my love, and therefore I demand your's :

What ever you ask,
How dreadful the task,
To perform it, 'fore heav'n I vow.

GRINNELDA.

What a spiteful old hag ? [Flor. stands confounded.]

CAMILLA.

Whence comes that letter, Floridor, which distresses and confounds you so ?---I beg to see it---what's the matter ?---You alarm me !

FLORIDOR.

Don't be alarm'd, indeed it is nothing !

CAMILLA.

Then let me see this nothing---what, more confounded ? O, Floridor ! false, false, Floridor !

FLORIDOR.

To convince you, how little I value the writer, and regard the contents---thus I destroy at once her vanity and your apprehensions.

[He tears the letter ; it thunders, and grows dark ; flames of fire are seen thro' the Seraglio windows ; all but Floridor quit the place shrieking.]

Is heav'n and earth in league against me ? what have I done, to provoke this war of elements ?

Enter TYCHO. (terrify'd.)

TYCHO.

The devils are got loose again---O, Signior Floridor, what have we done? The palace is on fire, the ladies have lost their senses, and I have lost both the ladies and my senses, for I saw---

FLORIDOR.

What, what?---where is Camilla?

TYCHO.

I thought I saw her carried thro' the air by the kind old witch, who sober'd me, and recover'd your sword and shiuld---but away---see the flames are coming upcn us! I am no Salamander as you are, and therefore I shall get into a colder climate. [Exit Tycho running.

FLORIDOR.

I will brave it all!

[*The Seraglio breaks to pieces and discovers the whole palace in flames.*] □

S O N G.

*Let the loud thunder rattle,
Flash light'ning round my head,
Place me in the front of battle,
By rage and horror led;*

*Tho' death in all her ghastly forms appear,
My heart, that knows no crime, can know no fear.*

[*The flames and the ruins of the castle vanish away, and discover a fine moon-light scene.*] □

FLOR

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 69

F L O R I D O R.

What can all this mean ? by what offence unknown to me have I brought this complicated distress upon me ?

Enter T Y C H O (frighten'd.)

T Y C H O.

What a dreadful combustion is this !----Where my Knight is, I can't tell ; and where I am, and how I got here, the fiends alone who brought me here can tell---

F L O R I D O R.

Hark ! did not I hear a voice---who's there ?

T Y C H O.

I hear a voice too ! I am afraid no friendly one ; I expect every moment to feel feathers upon my skin, and a crooked beak instead of a nose.

F L O R I D O R.

Who is muttering there ?----art thou a good or evil spirit ?

T Y C H O.

I am neither at present---and how you, Signior Floridor, can speak with so clear a tone of voice in such a place as this, and in your condition, puzzles my philosophy?---

F L O R I D O R.

My conscience upbraids me with nothing, and why should I fear ?

T Y C H O.

My conscience is not quite asleep---but I hope my playing at hide-and-seek with the seraglio girls a little, cannot be any great offence, after Robinette had discarded me---

Enter C A M I L L A (as an old woman.)

C A M I L L A.

Joy to you, Floridor ! joy to myself---now I have caught you near my own premises, I shall not let you go till you have fulfill'd your engagements with me---

F L O R -

70 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

FLORIDOR.

Where is Camilla, pray ?

CAMILLA.

I have her safe, and very safe---a pledge for your fulfilling the conditions of our treaty.

FLORIDOR.

My sword is ready to obey your commands.

CAMILLA.

Pooh ! pooh ! I want no assistance of your *sword*, not I ; I must have your *love*, young man, and in return you shall have my maiden affections, for they were never yet bestow'd upon any one.

FLORIDOR.

What can I do, or say to her, while my Camilla is in danger ?

TYCHO.

Tell her you'll have her---she can't live long, and then Camilla may be your's. *(aside to Flor.)*

CAMILLA.

What are you muttering to him ?

TYCHO.

I was only wishing him joy of his good fortune, of which he does not seem quite so sensible as he ought.

CAMILLA.

His joy, perhaps, is so great, he wants words to express it.

TYCHO.

What will become of us ?---pray if I may be so bold, what tomb is that ?---your late husband's ?

CAMILLA.

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 71

CAMILLA.

No, no, fool ! I am yet a virgin---that tomb is intended to bury any ungrateful lover, that may chance to come in my way---do you see that house there ?

(pointing behind the scenes.)

TYCHO.

I see that---house do you call it?---I have seen a handsomer pigsty. (aside.)

CAMILLA.

Aye, that house and all its furniture are mine---go you there, and prepare for our approaching nuptials.

TYCHO.

She's mad !---I can't stand upright in the house, unless I put my head out of the chimney.

CAMILLA.

Why don't you do as I order you ?

TYCHO.

I'll bring it here, if you please ?

CAMILLA.

If you are insolent---I shall take another course with you---do as I bid you, or---

TYCHO.

You'll make me---I am gone.

{*Exit Tycho.*

DUETTE.

D U E T T E.

CAMILLA. *Take my hand my heart is thine,*

FLORIDOR. *My hand and heart they are not mine,*

CAMILLA. *May love and all its joys be thine !*

FLORIDOR. *Ye gods above !*

Are these the promis'd joys of love ?

CAMILLA. *These are the raptures call'd divine !*

FLORIDOR. *My hand and heart they are not mine.*

CAMILLA. *May love for many, many years,*
Without its doubts, its cares and fears,
Each moment of our life controul.

FLORIDOR. *What anguish tears my tortur'd soul ?*

CAMILLA. *Let me, sweet youth, thy charms behold,*
And in these arms thy beauties fold.

FLORIDOR. *I cannot hold, I cannot hold !*

CAMILLA. *No more can I, no more can I,*
I blush for shame, O fy ! O fy !

FLORIDOR. *I am all on fire !*

CAMILLA. *And so am I, and so am I.*

FLORIDOR. *It burns, destroys,*
What can I da ?

CAMILLA. *I feel it too !*

O let's retire,
And hide our loves !

FLORIDOR. *Ye gods above !*

Are these the promis'd joys of love ?

C A M I L L A.

Come along---come along---I must compel you to be
 happy---give me satisfaction, or you will repent it---

[*takes hold of his hand.*]

F L O-

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

73

FLORIDOR.

Draw me, tear me to pieces with wild horses---my last breath shall sigh Camilla---for I am her's--and her's alone--

(The stage grows light, and Camilla quitting at once the form of the old Woman, assumes her real character and dress.)

CAMILLA.

And I am Floridor's, and Floridor's alone !

(Floridor starts and stands astonish'd.

Behold the reward of thy *valor*, *constancy* and *honour*! the fire has try'd, and prov'd the value of the metal---come to my arms, my hero!---

FLORIDOR.

Was Grinnelda, Camilla! ---wonderful heav'n! let me
first return my thanks there, (*kneels*) for inspiring me with
that *valor, constancy* and *honour*, that has borne me up against
every trial, and completed my glory and happiness, in the
arms of my Camilla! *(runs and embraces her.)*

C A M I L L A:

I resign my pow'r, fortune, every thing to love; and be
belov'd by thee. (music is heard.)

BONORO, *descends in a cloud.*

But see your father, to perfect our union.

BONORO.

S O N G.

Clouds that had gather'd o'er the day,

. Now leave the heav'n's more bright,

Vice before virtue's pow'rful ray,

Sinks to the shades of night.

Those evil sprights, that late rush'd forth,

Are now in darkness bound;

While beauty, valor, matchless worth,

Spread wide their sunshine round.

L

Ensayo

74 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

Enter TYCHO, (frighted.)

TYCHO.

Am I asleep, or awake, or neither, or both?---it must be a dream---

CAMILLA.

I forgot poor Tycho----have you prepar'd for the nuptials!

TYCHO.

I had almost prepar'd for a long voyage in the air.---I was luckily out of the hut to survey it, when a wind took it up like a boy's kite, and it was soon out of sight ---I wish the old hag had been in it.

FLORIDOR.

I must not hear you say a word against Grinnelda, 'tis thro' her that I am in possession of Camilla---

TYCHO.

Then heav'n blefs her for it, say I---but I see I must be thro' somebody, to be in possession of Robinette---and now is the time---

(draws.)

Enter ROBINETTE and FALADEL.

FALADEL.

By my faith and wand, there is my rival, and he that will not die for you, ought not to live; and so let the stoutest heart take you for ever, and for aye. (draws.)

TYCHO.

You owl, you! come on, I will soon make you look more dismal than you are!

FALADEL.

You monkey, you!---I will spoil your grinning, and settle your features in a moment, by my Knighthood, I will---

ROBINETTE.

Valiant Dons, a word with both of you, before you fight for that which you can never obtain---be assur'd, what ever

A CHRISTMAS TALE. 75

eyer liberties, I may have taken with your folly, that I can never give my heart to an owl.

T Y C H O.

That's some comfort---he ! he ! he !

R O B I N E T T E.

Nor a monkey---

F A L A D E L.

I am satisfied, for ever and for aye.

(turns off.)

T Y C H O.

Here take your scarf again, (*pulling it off*) I won't stay to be laugh'd at---if your love-stomach for me returns ---you know where to send for some plumb cake, this holiday time, and so your servant.

[Exit Tycho.]

[*Bonoro waves his wand, the cloud ascends, and discovers a fine distant prospect of the sea, and a castle at a distance, with the sun rising.*

B O N O R O.

*Ye once most wretched of mankind,
By tyrant pow'r and lust confin'd,
From vice and slav'ry free,
Come join our sports, and this way move,
To celebrate their virtuous love,
And your own liberty !*

Enter the different characters of the Seraglio,

MEN and WOMEN, ana join in

A G R A N D D A N C E.

BONORO.

76 A CHRISTMAS TALE.

BONORO, FLORIDOR, CAMILLA,
ROBINETTE, &c. &c. come forward.

S O N G.

BON. Honour is to beauty plighted,
Hearts with hands, shall be united,
Hymen comes, his torch is lighted !
Honour, truth, and beauty call,
Attend the nuptial festival.

FLOR. Love in my breast, no storm blowing,
Feels each tide is fuller growing,
And in grateful strains o'erflowing.
Honour, truth, &c.

ROB. Love in my breast, tho' a rover,
Calmly sporting with each lover,
Will to day with joy run over !
Honour, truth, &c.

CAM. Love in my breast knows no measure,
Swells and almost bursts with pleasure,
Here to share its boundless treasure.

FLOR. } CAM. } Love in my breast, &c.

GRAND CHORUS.

Let the written page,
Thro' every age,
Record the wond'rous story ;
'Tis decreed from above,
Her virtue shou'd be crown'd with love,
And his with love and glory.

F I N I S.

